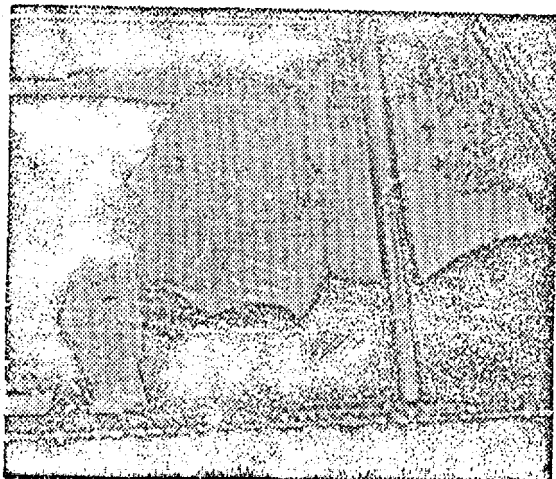


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On the rain-swept Heerstrasse, Greville Wynne, in the car at left, heads back home. Below, the man whose freedom bought his, Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, alias Conan Trofimovich Molody.



London Daily Express

A Tale Of Two Spies



By Seymour Freidin
Executive Editor, Foreign News

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At a bleak place called Heerstrasse, where British sector juts into the Communist zone, a finger of Berlin's two little knots of men shivered in the bitter pre-dawn cold.

Spokesmen on each side murmured official words of acceptance. Then they nodded. A skinny Englishman, his university necktie loosely knotted, hurried to his countrymen. For the briefest of moments he stared at a Russian—expressionless, with hat clamped firmly around his ears.

Greville Wynne, British business man and amateur spy, saw the veteran professional, Conan Trofimovich Molody, glide past him into the Soviet sector. In just 12 minutes an episode of the most sensational proportions in the silent war was over.

Off-hand it seemed the Russians got far the better of the deal. Back to the fold came Molody, son of a Soviet scientist—whose own scientific methods in espionage were applied as if by a master. Caught and sentenced to 25 years in prison, he was better known to the world as Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, Canadian by forgery.

BACK TO WORK

Into the shadows of Soviet security slipped Lonsdale-Molody. He is fully expected to be put to work gainfully by his espionage apparatus. It won't mean that he goes back into the field again, he has been identified. But it took years to expose him.

He wasn't as big a practitioner of deceit as Col. Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, exchanged 18 months ago at another East-West crossing for our U-2 pilot, Capt. Francis Gary Powers. But Lonsdale-Molody came within a couple of years of matching Abel. In short, he was very important.

By Soviet standards, and almost certainly by Western espionage measurements, Lonsdale-Molody was a gentleman. So was Abel. They carried out their assignments to the letter. Neither of them ever divulged anything of value to their captors.

Wynne, business man and part-time courier-type spy for kicks as well as patriotism, would be regarded as something of a poor fellow. He is decent—probably too decent for his avocation, because he made admissions in his trial.

It was the CIA that masterminded the ring that used Wynne. The agency would either stay mum or deny any such declaration. Other sources with access to its assessments and findings can say, and have said, what a stunning espionage exploit it was.

Caught, some people suffered, among them Wynne. A key Soviet contact, Oleg Penkovsky, was executed. In the several years during which the ring conducted its operations, Soviet rocket secrets came to the West. Penkovsky was a general on the reserve list, a scientist with personal and family connections that were impeccable. They were, ~~they were~~ until he was found out.

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A SHAKEN SOVIET

The aftermath of the Penkovsky arrest, followed by Wynne's abduction in the streets of Budapest by Soviet counter-espionage agents, shook Soviet security on a worldwide basis. A Soviet marshal was retired. Ranking rocketry experts were shelved. From around the world, Russian agents were summoned home.

Lonsdale-Molody's feat in the silent war was staggering on its own even though it can't begin to compare with Abel's or with the Penkovsky affair.

It is, however, worth taking another look at for its detail and painstaking care. A pretty classic case, as a veteran in the know—on the other side—explained with professional detachment.

Molody acquired a Canadian passport and the name of Lonsdale through his service. The original Lonsdale was liquidated or had died. Thoroughly briefed, Lonsdale-Molody slipped into Canada. But he had been prepared long before that—around five years in the United States, mostly in California. There he hooked up with an apparatus that served him for some years in London before he was caught.

A Bronx football star of the 1920s, a devoted Communist with long experience, had installed himself in a little house outside London. He went by the name of Peter Kroger, and his wife was Lola. They seemed such a nice, middle-aged couple, always good for a pint at the pub with neighbors.

Kroger was born Morris Cohen, and he and his wife were closely tied to Col. Abel. They had him around in New York to a few parties. When the search for atomic spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg got hot, the Kroger-Cohens skipped the country.

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